

girls who wait on me in the stores. You don't know how their faces brighten when I hand them a little bunch! What, this for me? they say with such a surprised tone."

Think what those flowers must say to a tired woman who never sees them where they grow. They help her faith in God and in humanity. A little girl lay very ill in the close room of a tenement house. In her delirium she constantly begged to be taken to the country "to see the flowers." She had had what was to her one glimpse of heaven in her two weeks' "fresh-air" excursion the summer before. The doctor, whose heart was touched with the suffering of the little one, spoke of her to one of his more favored patients, and she sent to the child a large, fragrant rose. The mother laid it on the pillow, where its soft leaves touched the fevered cheek. When the doctor called next day, to his surprise the child was better. "Why," said the mother, "as soon as I laid that rose beside her pillow she grew quiet, seemed contented, and went to sleep, and when she woke her fever was broken."

"I think your flower was her best medicine," the doctor said to the friend who sent it.

The Lord Jesus teaches us that He made the flowers to be our mentors, our reminders, our instructors in His richest truths. He bids us look at the lillies and listen while they speak. Even the blades of grass spring up to tell us that God cares for us; not only for our souls, but for our bodies too.

Let us help the flowers in their God-given ministry. As we have opportunity let us send them here and there to the poor, the sick, the lonely, and the happy people as well. They will speak as we ourselves cannot. This is not sentiment. This is what they were made for. Every flower that blooms is an expression of the thought of God.—*Christian Advocate*.

THE LORD HATH DONE IT.

We remember to have heard a preacher at a funeral most beautifully setting forth this parable:

"A certain nobleman had a spacious garden which he left to the care of a faithful servant, whose delight it was to train the creepers along the trellis, to water the seeds in the time of drought, to support the stalks of the tender plants, and to do every work which could render the garden a Paradise of flowers.

"One morning he rose with joy, expecting to tend his beloved flowers, and hoping to find his favorites increased in beauty. To his surprise, he found one of his choicest beauties rent from its stem, and looking around him, he missed from ev-

ery bed the pride of his garden, the most precious of his blooming flowers. Full of grief and anger, he hurried to his fellow-servants and demanded who had thus robbed him of his treasures. They had not done it, and he did not charge them with it; but he found no solace for his grief till one of them remarked: "My lord was walking in the garden this morning, and I saw him pluck the flowers and carry them away."

"Then truly he found he had no cause for his trouble. He felt it was all well that his master had been pleased to take his own, and he went away, smiling at his loss, because his lord had taken them. So," said the preacher, turning to the mourners, "you have lost one whom you regarded with much tender affection. The bonds of endearment have not availed for her retention upon earth. I know your wounded feelings when, instead of the lovely form which was the embodiment of all that is excellent and amiable, you behold nothing but ashes and corruption. But remember, my beloved, the Lord hath done it. He hath removed the tender mother, the affectionate wife, the inestimable friend. I say again, remember your own Lord has done it; therefore do not murmur or yield yourselves to an excess of grief."

There was much force as well as beauty in the simple allegory; it were well if all the Lord's family had grace to practice its heavenly lesson, in all times of bereavement and affliction.—*Spurgeon*.

A PRAYER BY JOHN KNOX.

"And because thou hast commanded us to pray one for another, we do not onely make requeste, O Lord, for ourselves and theym that thou hast already called to the trew understandinge of thy Heavenly wyll, but for all people and nations of the world, who as they knowe by thy wonderfull workes that thou arte God over all, so they may be instructed by the Holy Spirit to believe in thee their onely Saviour and Redemer. But for as moche as they cannot beleve except they heare, nor cannot heare but by preaching, and none can preache except they be sent; therefore, O Lord, rayse up faithful distributors of thy mysteries, who setting aparte all worldly respects, may both in theyr lyfe and doctrine onely seke thy glorie."—*Presbyterian Record*.

"Fear not, I am with you; O be not dismayed;
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand."

Heavy work in youth is sweet repose in old age.

Church News.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

"WHERE AM I AT?"

This question has been asked and I will and briefly say some things that need to be said. I shall do so plain and pointed, and with a desire to do only what is right and that I shall do, no matter who may come and go. For a number of years I have been trying to push out the Brethren church, to extend her borders, enlarge her influence, make known her name, and thro her organization save souls, and I have never flinched at any work she gave me to do, and I am now engaged in representing her in Chicago.

IS THE BRETHREN CHURCH WORTHY OF REPRESENTATION?

She is worthy! most worthy!! She has a principle born of God, an organization divinely moved and led. She came up through great tribulation, her members have been martyrs, they have sacrificed time and reputation and character and money and talents and position, hopes blasted and ambitions laid aside, family put in the background, ease and peace unknown, that she who was moulded in God's furnace of trial, might come forth and take her place among the organizations of the world, and use her power for the extension of God's great kingdom. For this tears have been shed and pain endured; for this burdens have been born and insults suffered; for this poverty has been fought and afflictions have been conquered; for this years have been lessened and early graves filled.

THE WORK IS TELLING.

On one hand the crust of tinkerism has been broken, a hide bound creed paralyzed, stale forms and ceremonies relegated to the dark corner, where sits alone, hungry and ashamed the crouching devil of formality. On the other hand, churches running wild in the plowed field of false theory and speculation, have been caught, tamed and harnessed in God's cause, while their theological drivers unseated and standing deep in the mud of their own making, are laughed at by the world, and chuckled at by the devil, while the faithful to God are unfolding the God-planted principles of the church in the salvation of souls and the elevation of the race.

MY WORK FOR HER.

I am here to do the work I am called to do, and it will be done, in spite of all the devils that ever roamed, and they are